WAR · PRESENT AND PAST

FRONTLINE COMBAT

THE DATE IS DECEMBER 1, 1950! AFTER SUCKING U.N. TROOPS INTO NORTHEAST KOREA, THE CHINESE ARMY STRIKES, ATTEMPTING TO CUT OFF THE REPUBLIC OF KOREA'S CAPITOL AND 3RD DIVISIONS, THE UNITED STATES 7TH DIVISION, AND THE 1ST U.S. MARINE DIVISION! AND BROTHER! IF YOU HAVE ANY IDEA THAT MARINES ARE SUPERHUMAN, FORGET IT! WHEN THEIR SUPPLIES ARE CUT OFF, AND WHEN THEY'RE OUTNUMBERED..

MARINES RETREAT!

GENTLEMEN! WE MUST NOW ABANDON THE CHANGJIN RESERVOIR! WE ARE SURROUNDED AND MUST FIGHT OUR WAY BACK TO THE COAST!

AHEAD IS THE ROAD BACK TO THE PORT OF HUNGNAM. AHEAD MIGHT WELL BE THE BLOODIEST ADVENTURE IN MARINE HISTORY! IF YOUR UNITS ARE READY, GENTLEMEN, WE WILL PROCEED!

SEVERIN AND HALLEY

COME ON, TONY! PASS IT AROUND! WE COULD STAND A LITTLE GLOW!
MADONE! IT SURE IS COLD! I WISH I WAS IN MIAMI RIGHT NOW! BUT THIS BOTTLE IS FOR CHRISTMAS, AND I WANT YOU GRUB-HOUNDS TO LAY OFF!

EVERYBODY SET? ...O.K., CONVOY! LET'S ROLL!

VRUUM
VRR-A-AN

BRRRUM

VRRRUM
VRRRRUUM

HERE I AM... PVT. HAROLD PARKS... B.A.R. MAN, 1ST SQUAD, SECOND PLATOON... A MILLION MILES FROM HOME!

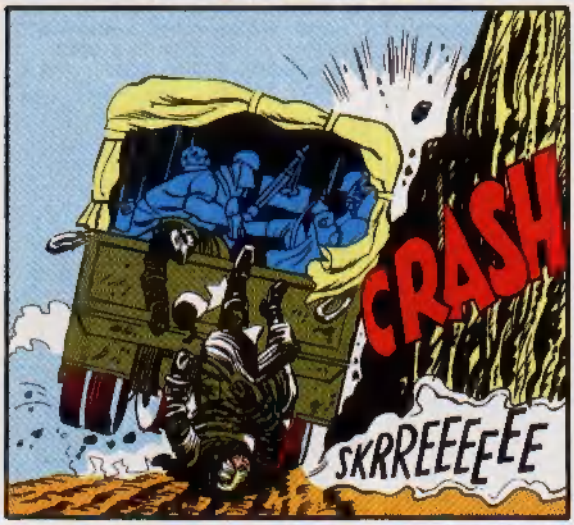
LOOK AT TONY FERANDA THERE! ALWAYS JOKING... EVEN THOUGH WE'RE SURROUNDED ON THREE SIDES! I WONDER IF HE'LL EVER GET TO OPEN THAT BOTTLE ON CHRISTMAS?

I WONDER IF ANY OF US WILL GET TO CELEBRA...
KRAK!

RIFLE FIRE! TONY'S HIT! GRAB HIM BEFORE HE FALLS!

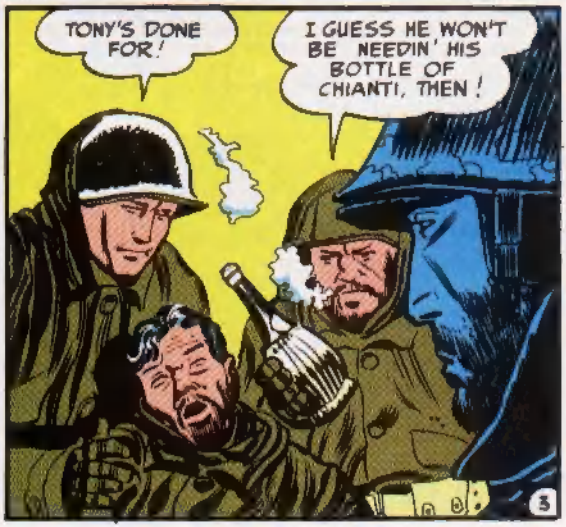
KRAK!

TAC-A-TAC A-TAC
TAC-TAC-TAC


CRASH
SKRREEEEEE

KRAK
TAKE COVER, MEN!
KRAK

I'VE GOT FERANDA! GRAB KELLY AND LET'S GET THEM INTO THE DITCH!


TONY'S DONE FOR!
I GUESS HE WON'T BE NEEDIN' HIS BOTTLE OF CHIANTI, THEN!

THEY'RE UP THERE... ON THE HILL! WHAT HAPPENS NOW?
JUST SIT TIGHT AND PRAY A HAND GRENADE DON'T COME BOUNCING INTO YOUR LAP!

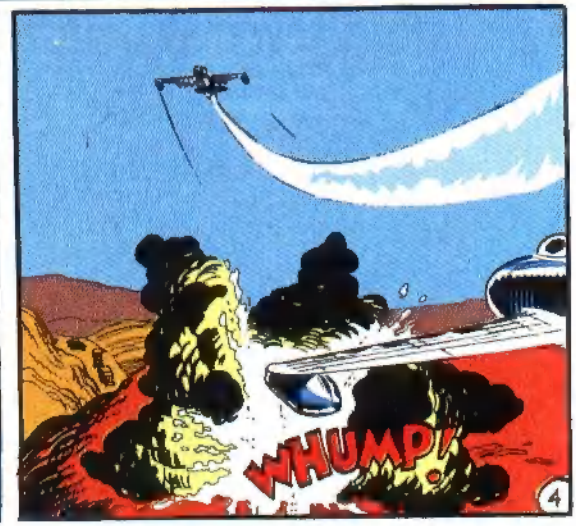
SERGEANT! RADIO AHEAD FOR AIR SUPPORT! LIEUTENANT! GET A COUPLE OF MORTARS ON THAT HILL!

WELL... PVT. PARKS, B.A.R. MAN! YOU'RE STILL A LONG, LONG WAY FROM HOME! WHERE ARE THOSE MATCHES?

HEY! MY MAIL! I CLEAN FORGOT TO OPEN MY MAIL! LETTERS FROM JEANIE AND MOM! HMF! MOM SAYS SHE KNITTED ME SOCKS TO KEEP ME WARM... HA HA!..

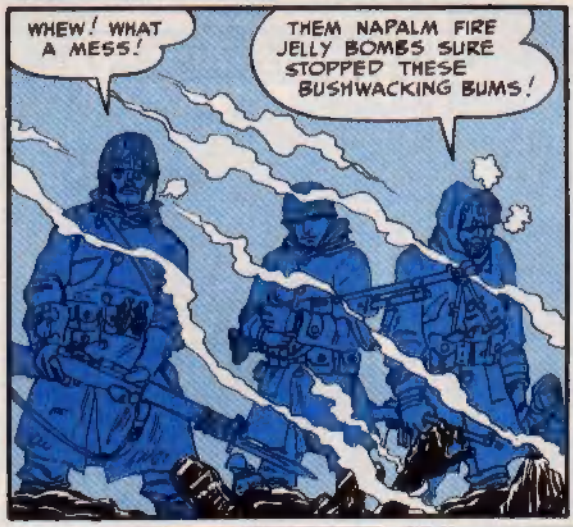
... AND JEANIE SENT A SNAPSHOT! JEEMINY! HOW I WISH I WAS BACK HOME RIGHT NOW! IT'S A FUNNY THING...

WHILE I WAS HOME, I HAD MY TROUBLES! ROUGH TIME GETTING A JOB... DIDN'T WANT TO JOIN POP'S GAS STATION BUSINESS! I EVEN HAD MY QUARRELS WITH JEANIE! YET, COMPARED TO THIS, THAT WAS PARADISE... AND I'D TRADE MY LAST G.I. NICKEL TO BE BA...


WHUMP!

GYRENES OF THE FIRST SQUAD, SECOND PLATOON! I HAVE BEEN INFORMED IT SHALL BE OUR GLORIOUS DUTY TO CLEAN UP THE HILL UP THERE WHICH OUR AIR FORCE IS NOW SOFTENING UP! LET'S GO, YOU SAD SACKS!
OH MY ACHING BACK!

DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY LIFE UP THERE!
HEY PARKS! FIRE A FEW BURSTS UP THERE WITH THAT GIZMO!

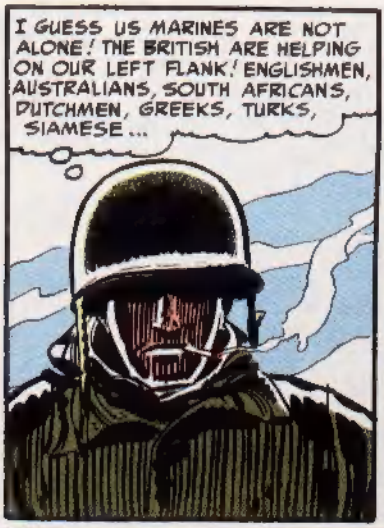

WHEW! WHAT A MESS!
THEM NAPALM FIRE JELLY BOMBS SURE STOPPED THESE BUSHWACKING BUMS!

THERE'S THE SIGNAL! THE RIDGE MUST BE CLEARED!
LET'S GET ROLLING AGAIN!

NOW THE VEHICLES CAN MOVE ONCE MORE! ALL KINDS OF VEHICLES... CARRYING ALL KINDS OF SOLDIERS! MARINES OF THE FIRST DIVISION...

... ARMY MEN OF THE FIRST DIVISION...

... SOUTH KOREANS OF THE THIRD AND CAPITOL DIVISIONS...

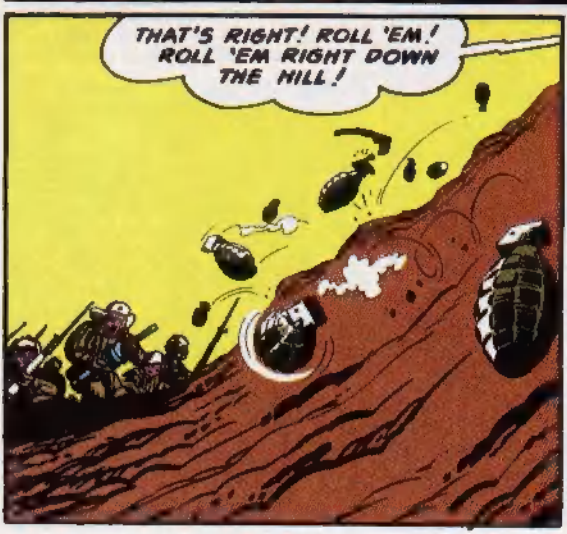

I GUESS US MARINES ARE NOT ALONE! THE BRITISH ARE HELPING ON OUR LEFT FLANK! ENGLISHMEN, AUSTRALIANS, SOUTH AFRICANS, DUTCHMEN, GREEKS, TURKS, SIAMESE...

PARKS! QUIT DREAMING AND WORK THAT B.A.R.! THE CHINESE ARE COUNTERATTACKING!
KRAK

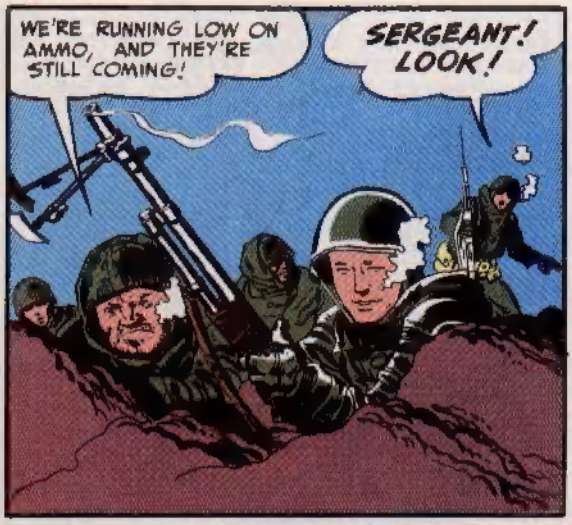
HUNDREDS OF THEM... SWARMING UP THE HILL! POUR IT ON 'EM!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BRAK
BRAK-BRAK

RAKA-TAK-TAK-BRAK
BLA-BLAM
BLAM
BL-BLAM
BRAK-BRAK

GRENADE 'EM! I'LL GRENADE 'EM!


THAT'S RIGHT! ROLL 'EM! ROLL 'EM RIGHT DOWN THE HILL!

BLAM
WHAM
WHOMP
KA-WHOMP
WHAM


WE'RE RUNNING LOW ON AMMO, AND THEY'RE STILL COMING!
SERGEANT! LOOK!

THE LAST OF THE CONVOY IS GOING BY! LET'S PULL OUT BEFORE WE'RE LEFT FLAT... HUH, SARGE?

WE'LL BE TAKEN CARE OF! DON'T WORRY! COME ON, BOYS! LET'S MAKE IT REAL HOT FOR A MINUTE!

NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

GO AHEAD, FELLAS! I'LL COVER YOU WITH ONE MORE BURST!
COME ON, PARKS!

PWING
PWING
PWING
PWING
PWING
PWANG

PARKS IS HIT!
I TOLD HIM TO COME ON!
QUICK! GRAB HIS FEET!
OH! OH! DON'T MOVE ME!

COME ON, KID! WE'VE GOTTA MOVE FAST!
NO! NO! DON'T MOVE ME! I THINK I'M FINISHED! CAN'T TAKE THE PAIN WHEN YOU MOVE ME!

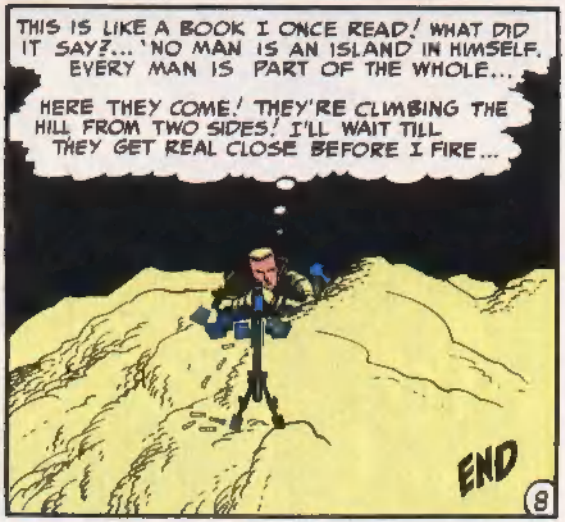
COME ON, KID! THE TRUCK'S WAITIN'! IT'LL ONLY HURT A MINUTE!... GRAB HIS FEET, JOE!
NO! NO! LEAVE ME! GO AHEAD! JUST LEAVE AMMUNITION HERE! NOW GET OUTTA HERE!

O.K., KID! IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT! WE'LL LEAVE YOU BOTH AUTOMATIC RIFLES!
LET'S GO, MEN!

HERE, HAROLD! HERE'S TONY'S BOTTLE OF CHIANTI! GUZZLE IT DOWN... MAKE THINGS EASIER! GOOD LUCK!

HAROLD PARKS, SUPER B.A.R. MAN OF THE SECOND PLATOON, FIRST SQUAD! WHAT AM I DOING HERE? WHY AIN'T I BACK IN WISCONSIN WITH THE FOLKS AND... AND JEANIE! I'VE GOT SO MUCH TO LIVE FOR!

A DRINK! I'LL DRINK TONY'S WINE!... BAH! WHAT'S THE USE OF THAT! I'VE GOT TO THINK CLEARLY! THE BOYS ARE RUNNING DOWN THE HILL! I'VE GOT TO GIVE THEM REAR GUARD PROTECTION!


THIS IS LIKE A BOOK I ONCE READ! WHAT DID IT SAY?... 'NO MAN IS AN ISLAND IN HIMSELF. EVERY MAN IS PART OF THE WHOLE...
HERE THEY COME! THEY'RE CLIMBING THE HILL FROM TWO SIDES! I'LL WAIT TILL THEY GET REAL CLOSE BEFORE I FIRE...
END

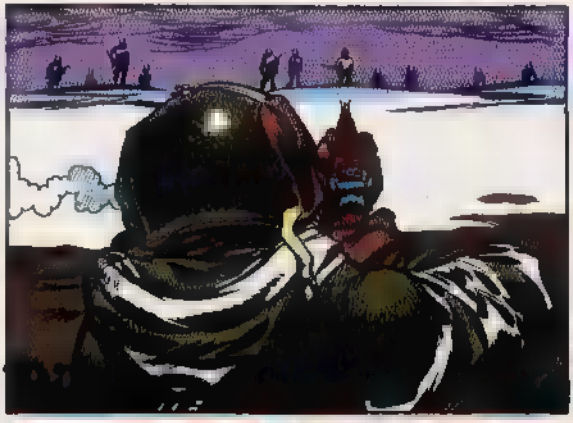
MY HEART WAS POUNDING LIKE A TRIP HAMMER! THEY WERE VISIBLE NOW! TINY FIGURES MOVING SLOWLY TOWARD OUR POSITION! CHINESE COMMUNISTS! HUNDREDS OF THEM! WE WERE SOUTHEAST OF SEOUL, IN THE 'OLD WORLD WAR TYPE' TRENCHES! I PRESSED A CLIP OF AMMUNITION INTO MY M1, SLAMMED HOME THE BREECH, AND WAITED FOR THE...

ENEMY ASSAULT!

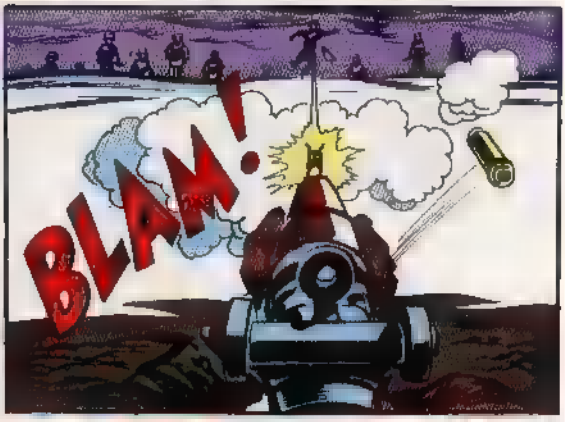
THE SKY WAS OVERCAST, AND WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY AIR SUPPORT! HIGH OVERHEAD, ARTILLERY SHELLS HURTLED THROUGH THE AIR WITH A SOUND LIKE TEARING PAPER, AND THEN EXPLODED FAR AHEAD IN LITTLE PUFFS OF SMOKE!

BUT STILL THEY CAME ON! CREEPING OVER THE FROZEN KOREAN GROUND! IF YOU WANT TO KNOW IF A MAN IS SCARED, ASK HIM TO SPIT! THE INSIDE OF MY MOUTH WAS BONE DRY! SOON THEY'D BE WITHIN RIFLE RANGE!

TOY FIGURES IN PADDED OVERCOATS! EACH ONE LOOKED JUST LIKE THE NEXT... LIKE TIN SOLDIERS AT THE FIVE AND TEN... AND EACH ONE ARMED WITH A DEADLY RIFLE OR A MACHINE GUN!



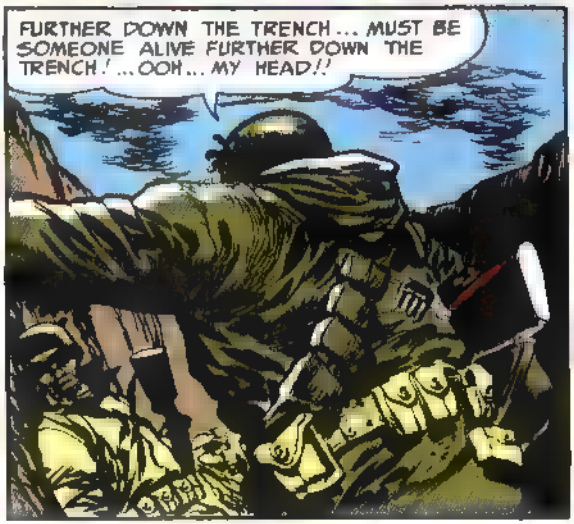
NOW THEY WERE IN RANGE... RUNNING LOW AND BENT OVER, DARTING FROM ONE HILLOCK TO THE NEXT! MOVING FROM COVER TO COVER... EVER CLOSER! I AIMED, ALLOWED FOR WIND AND DISTANCE, HELD MY BREATH AND SQUEEZED...



THEY CAME LIKE LOCUSTS! WHEN ONE WENT DOWN, TWO POPPED UP TO TAKE HIS PLACE! NAMELESS, FACELESS MEN MOVING AS RESOLUTELY AS THE TIDE! THEY CAME ON THE LEFT FLANK...

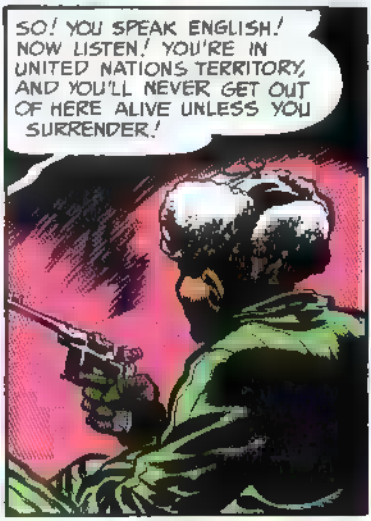
...THEY CAME ON THE RIGHT FLANK! THEY OVERWHELMED US! ONE OF THEM ROSE OVER ME! I SAW HIM AIM HIS GUN AT MY HEAD... AND I SAW HIM PULL THE TRIGGER AT THE SAME TIME I TRIGGERED MY GARAND!

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I LAY THERE UNCONSCIOUS, BUT WHEN I WOKE UP, IT WAS DEAD QUIET.. THE BODY OF THE ENEMY SOLDIER WHO'D SHOT ME WAS LAYING ACROSS MY CHEST! I GUESS I'D GOTTEN HIM WORSE THAN HE HAD ME!



AROUND THE ELBOW ■ THE TRENCH, I CAME FACE TO FACE WITH HIM! A WOUNDED COMMUNIST SOLDIER! I GUESS WE WERE BOTH IN BAD SHAPE 'CAUSE WE BOTH FROZE LIKE ICE AND STOOD WITH OUR MOUTHS HANGING OPEN!

I HAD MY RIFLE ON HIM, AND HE HAD HIS PISTOL ON ME! I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I HAD A NOTION THAT I'D TAKE HIM PRISONER... AND HE WAS PROBABLY THINKING THE SAME THING! SO THERE WE STOOD!



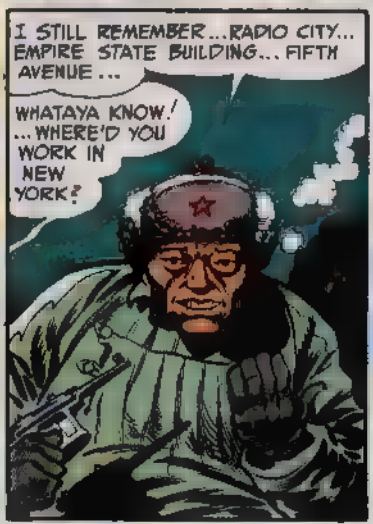
SO THERE WE STOOD... GUNS POINTING AT EACH OTHER, AND BOTH READY TO FIRE AT THE OTHER THE MOMENT HE MADE A FALSE MOVE! FOR A MINUTE I FELT LIKE A KID PLAYING COPS AND ROBBERS!

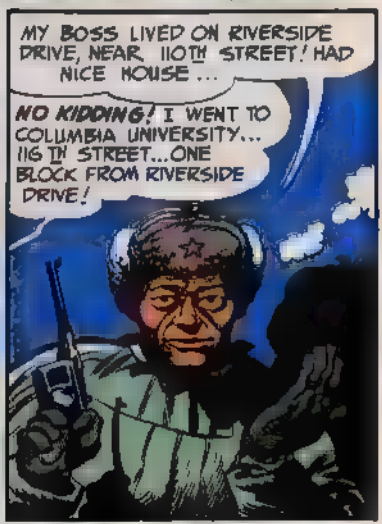
O.K.! WE'LL WAIT AND SEE WHO COMES ALONG FIRST!
VERY WELL!
BY THE WAY! WHERE'D YOU LEARN TO SPEAK ENGLISH?

... FROM YOU AMERICANS! I WORKED AS HOUSEBOY FOR AN AMERICAN ■ HONG KONG!

THIS AMERICAN SHIPPED TEA TO THE U.S.! MANY TIMES HE WOULD GO TO THE U.S. FOR A SUMMER VACATION WITH FAMILY! I WOULD ACCOMPANY HIM!

MANY SUMMERS I HAVE BEEN IN NEW YORK AS HOUSEBOY!
NEW YORK? NO KIDDING! I LIVED THERE! I WENT TO COLLEGE IN NEW YORK!


I STILL REMEMBER... RADIO CITY... EMPIRE STATE BUILDING... FIFTH AVENUE...
WHATAYA KNOW! ... WHERE'D YOU WORK IN NEW YORK?

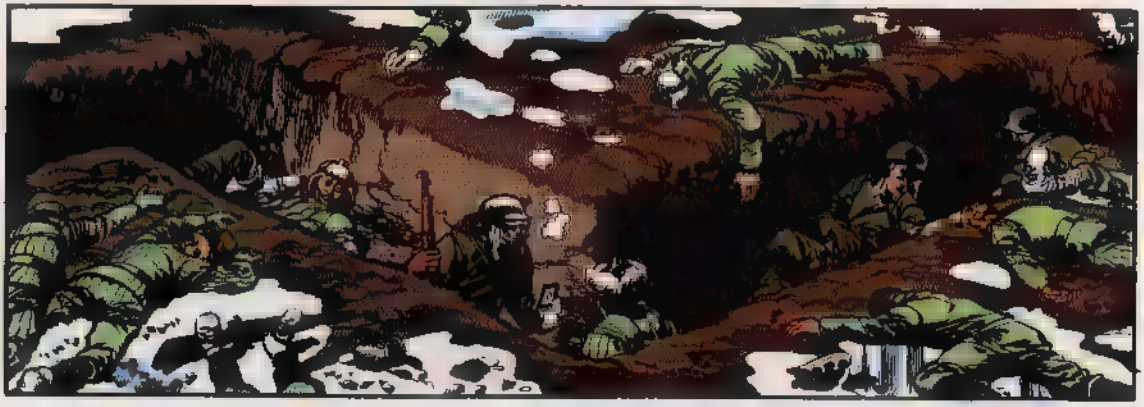

MY BOSS LIVED ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEAR 110TH STREET! HAD NICE HOUSE...
NO KIDDING! I WENT TO COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY... 116TH STREET... ONE BLOCK FROM RIVERSIDE DRIVE!

I RENTED A ROOM RIGHT ON 114TH! THAT WAS A NICE NEIGHBORHOOD!
I WANTED TO MARRY A GIRL BACK ■ HONG KONG... WORK FOR MYSELF!

I MARRIED... LEFT EXPORTER AND BOUGHT A BIG FARM NEAR CANTON! THEN THEY TOOK ME INTO THE ARMY!

SEE? HERE IS A PICTURE OF MY WIFE AND MY CHILD!
MY WIFE AND I HAVE A KID JUST ABOUT THAT AGE! HERE! LEMME SHOW YOU!

IT WAS RIDICULOUS! HERE I WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF A WAR, COMPARING PHOTOGRAPHS OF BABIES WITH AN ENEMY SOLDIER! JUST A WHILE BACK, I MUST HAVE WATCHED HIM... ONE OF THE HUNDREDS OF TINY AUTOMATANS ADVANCING ACROSS THE FIELD... BUT HE WASN'T AN AUTOMATAN! HE WAS A LIVING BREATHING ***HUMAN BEING*** WITH A ***WIFE*** AND ***CHILDREN*** AND ***HOPES*** AND ***PLANS JUST LIKE ME! WHY SHOULD HE WANT TO KILL ME? OR ME, HIM!*** ... FOR A WHILE, I HAD FORGOTTEN THE WAR EXISTED! BUT IT WAS THERE!



TO THE NORTH OF US, THE COMMUNISTS WERE REGROUPING FOR ANOTHER ASSAULT...

TO THE SOUTH, THE U.N. FORCES WERE PREPARING A SURPRISE COUNTER-ATTACK!

ONCE MORE, THE BATTLE SWIRLED ABOUT THE TRENCH! A GROUP OF CHINESE COMMUNISTS LOOMED ABOVE THE LIP OF THE TRENCH IN FRONT OF US! ONE AIMED HIS GUN AT ME!

BEFORE HE COULD FIRE, AMERICANS CHARGING UP ■ BACK OF US, CUT HIM DOWN! THE MAN IN THE TRENCH WITH ME NOW GRIPPED HIS PISTOL!

AN AMERICAN LEAPED INTO THE TRENCH AND THE PISTOL BROUGHT HIM DOWN! AND THEN I KNEW WHAT I MUST DO!

I HAD TO CHOOSE SIDES! I HAD TO! YOU CAN'T FIGHT A WAR BY COMPARING BABY SNAPSHOTS!

TINY FIGURES WERE MOVING ACROSS THE FROZEN KOREAN FIELDS TOWARD OUR POSITION! I RAMMED ANOTHER CLIP INTO THE BREECH OF MY M-1, AND WAITED FOR THE NEXT ENEMY ASSAULT!

THE END

THE FATAL STEP

Corporal Jud Harkabus kicked up a powdery spray of snow as he plodded through the strip of woods that edged the Schonberg-St. Vith road. He was intent on his advance scouting mission for the American armored division that rumbled along just a few miles behind him.

Harkabus held his M1 in a ready position. There was no telling when he would blunder into a "mound of snow" which in reality was a white shrouded German!

Suddenly his alert eyes rested on the snow laden branch of a nearby fir tree.

The branch had moved momentarily, sending a flurry of snowflakes to the ground. Then a tiny tell-tale tendril of vapor curled through the branches of the tree. Harkabus knew that it could only mean a human had exhaled a supressed breath into the chill air. Instantly, he swung his rifle in line with the tree and fired without aiming. As the report reverberated through the forest stillness, a white-caped German fell to the ground at the base of the tree.

Harkabus wrenched the Luger from the wounded German's holster, at the same time ripping off the blood-soaked cape. He proceeded to search the German's pockets. He found a few mine detonating fuses, a coil of wire, and a pair of pliers.

Meanwhile, the pain-wracked Nazi had braced his back against the tree and was packing snow on his bullet-shattered arm in a vain effort to stop the blood. Harkabus wondered if there were any more Germans lurking in the trees. Surely if they had heard the shot they would have been at his throat by now! He stared into the pallid face before him. The German was a mere youth . . . no older than seventeen! Hitler was even throwing *young kids* into the battle of the bulge!

The boy had his hand clamped tightly over his wound but the blood continued to trickle through his fingers. His forced speech came in thick phrases.

"Die Wunde blutet weiter!"

Ripping a piece of cloth from the discarded cape, Harkabus wound the improvised tourniquet around the boy's arm. The color crept into the boy's blanched cheeks as he continued to release and tighten the tourniquet at ten minute intervals. Finally the flow of blood was checked. Harkabus tore a clean strip of cloth and bandaged the arm.

He propped the German against the tree, picked up his M-1, and threw a hasty "auf wiedersehn," spoken in corn-bred Kansan, over his shoulder in farewell. As he picked his way through the trees, in the direction of the road, the boy called after him excitedly!

"Komm zurück, Amerikaner! Der Weg ist voller minen!! Komm zurück!! Komm . . ."

"You'll be all right, kid! Just relax . . .", Harkabus placated as he continued through the snow.

The boy's shouts became more insistent!

"Der Weg ist voller minen! Amerikaner! Minen! Mi . . ."

Harkabus had already stepped out of the trees and onto the road. The German's efforts to warn him of the impending danger had been futile. He did not understand the boy's feverish and incoherent jargon!

The boy shivered as he heard a land mine go off. He knew Harkabus had taken the fatal step!

NINETEEN EIGHTEEN... THE FIRST WORLD WAR... THE UGLY GRAND-DADDY OF THE WORLD WARS! IN SEPTEMBER OF THAT YEAR, THE ALLIES ON THE MEUSE-ARGONNE FRONT WERE READYING AN OFFENSIVE THAT WOULD BREAK THE GERMAN BACK! SOMEWHERE, SOUTH OF BUZANCY, BEHIND THE FRONT, THE COMMANDER OF A BATTERY OF HOWITZERS WAS TRYING TO CONTACT HIS OBSERVATION POST, BUT AS YET NO ANSWER HAD COME FROM THE...

O.P.!

HELLO! HELLO, O.P.! IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?

RUSS HEATH

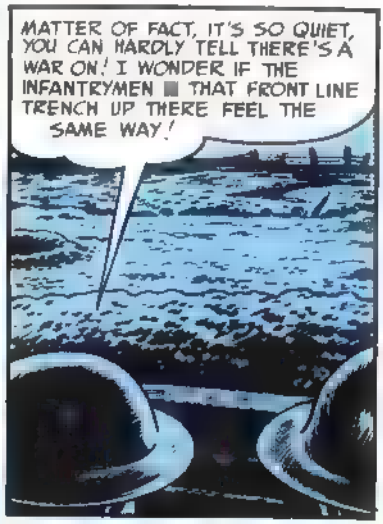
FROM THE PHONE ■ THE OFFICER'S HAND, A WIRE STRETCHED OUT ACROSS THE BROKEN GROUND, AND IF YOU'D FOLLOW IT...

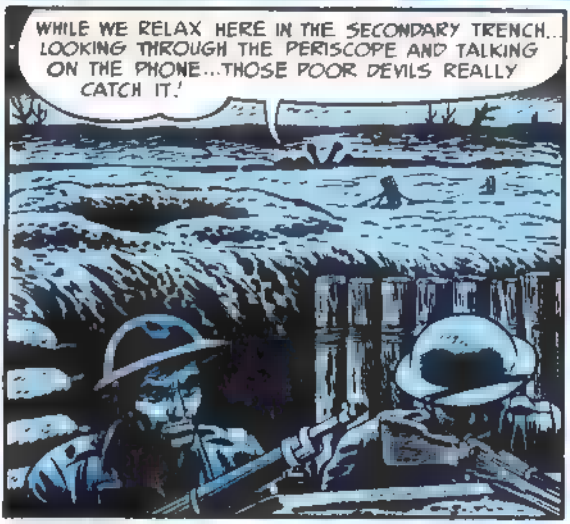
...IT WOULD LEAD YOU TOWARD THE MACABRE HORIZON, SILENT BUT FOR THE OCCASIONAL STUTTER OF A MACHINE GUN, OR THE CRACK OF A SNIPING RIFLE...

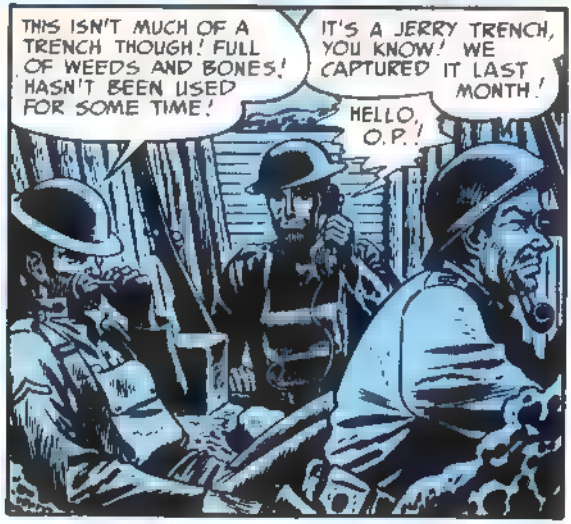
...IT WOULD LEAD YOU TOWARD AN EARLY MORNING LANDSCAPE OUT OF HELL... FITFULLY LIT BY VERY PISTOL ROCKETS, AND THREADED BY A NETWORK OF TRENCHES.

HELLO! HELLO, O.P.!
DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING HAPPENING!

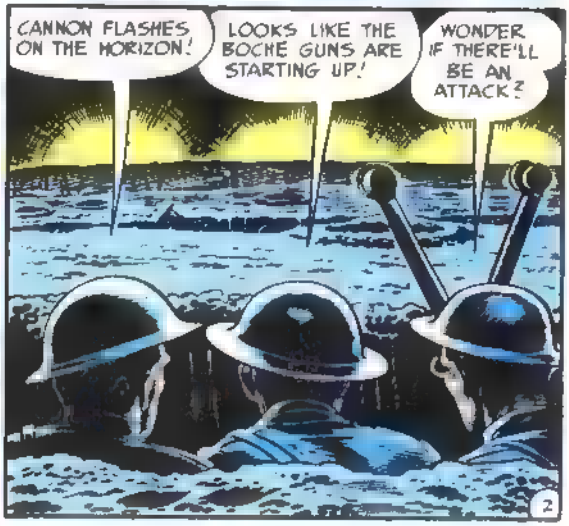
HELLO, THERE!
THE LIEUTENANT'S ON THE WIRE, SIR!
TELL HIM NOTHING'S DOING YET!


MATTER OF FACT, IT'S SO QUIET, YOU CAN HARDLY TELL THERE'S A WAR ON! I WONDER IF THE INFANTRYMEN THAT FRONT LINE TRENCH UP THERE FEEL THE SAME WAY!

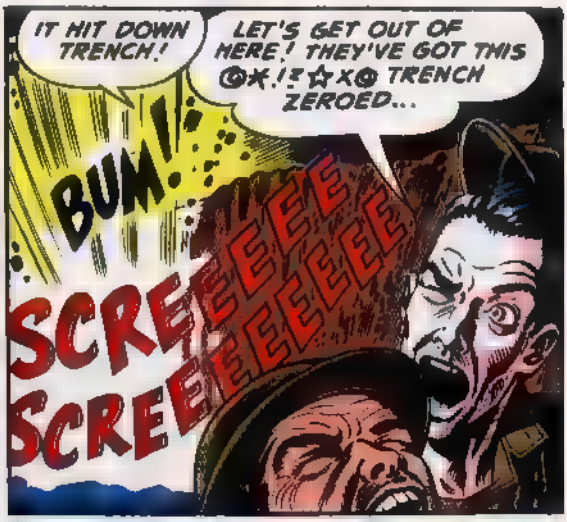

WHILE WE RELAX HERE IN THE SECONDARY TRENCH... LOOKING THROUGH THE PERISCOPE AND TALKING ON THE PHONE...THOSE POOR DEVILS REALLY CATCH IT!

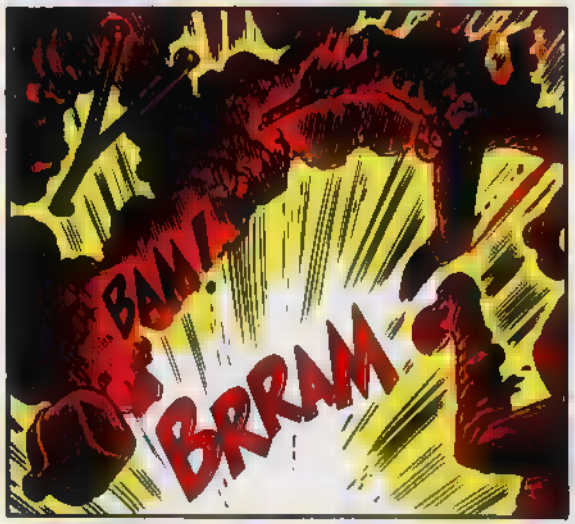

THIS ISN'T MUCH OF A TRENCH THOUGH! FULL OF WEEDS AND BONES! HASN'T BEEN USED FOR SOME TIME!
IT'S A JERRY TRENCH, YOU KNOW! WE CAPTURED IT LAST MONTH!
HELLO, O.P.!

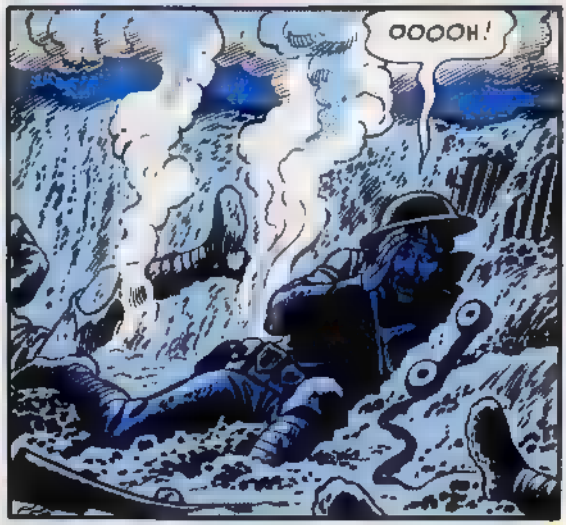
HELLO, O.P.! ANYTHING GOING ON OUT THERE YET?
NO! NO! NOTHING YET, SIR! WAIT...
LOOK!


CANNON FLASHES ON THE HORIZON!
LOOKS LIKE THE BOCHE GUNS ARE STARTING UP!
WONDER IF THERE'LL BE AN ATTACK?

DUCK, MEN! IT'S A WHIZZ BANG!
SCREE

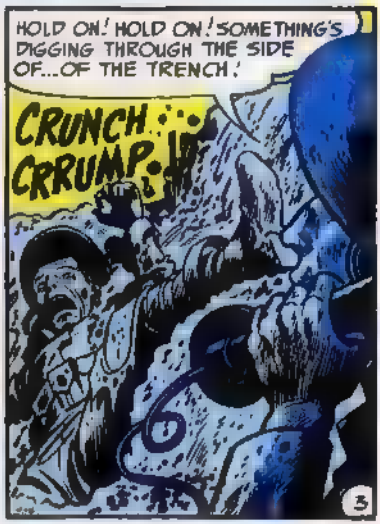

IT HIT DOWN TRENCH!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! THEY'VE GOT THIS ⊙✱!?☆✱⊙ TRENCH ZEROED...
BUM!
SCREEEEE
SCREEEEEEE


BAM!
BRRAM


OOOOH!

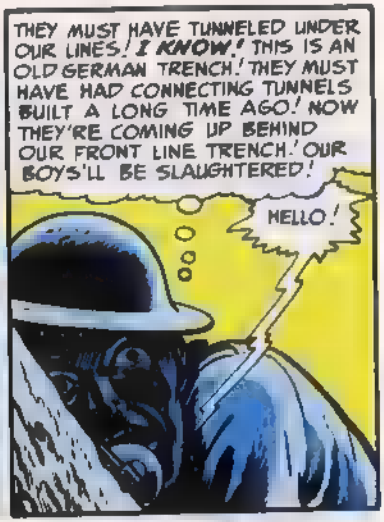
HELLO! HELLO, O.P.! IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT? WHAT'S HAPPENING?
OOOH! SQUARE HIT! ALL DEAD!

...YOU ALL RIGHT?
DON'T KNOW YET! LIEUTENANT.. THE O.P. CREW! BLOWN TO BITS!


HOLD ON! HOLD ON! SOMETHING'S DIGGING THROUGH THE SIDE OF...OF THE TRENCH!
CRUNCH
CRRUMP!

UH! I MUST BE OUT OF MY MIND! GERMANS! COMING OUT OF A HOLE ■ THE TRENCH!

DOZENS OF GERMAN SOLDIERS! I'LL PLAY DEAD! I WON'T BREATHE! THEY WON'T DISCOVER ME!.. DOZENS OF 'EM!


THEY MUST HAVE TUNNELED UNDER OUR LINES! I KNOW! THIS IS AN OLD GERMAN TRENCH! THEY MUST HAVE HAD CONNECTING TUNNELS BUILT A LONG TIME AGO! NOW THEY'RE COMING UP BEHIND OUR FRONT LINE TRENCH! OUR BOYS'LL BE SLAUGHTERED!
HELLO!

HELLO! HELLO ■ THE O.P.!
GOD! WHY DOESN'T THIS PHONE KEEP STILL! THEY'LL HEAR IT! I MUSTN'T MAKE A SOUND!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT UP THERE?
THE GERMANS! THEY'LL ATTACK AT ANY MOMENT! I MUST WARN THE BATTERY! PERHAPS IF I WHISPER...
HELLO! LIEUTENANT! LISTEN CAREFULLY! ZERO THE GUNS ON THIS OBSERVATION POST AND FIRE ONE!
U.S.

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND UP THERE? YOU WANT ME TO FIRE AT YOU! BEHIND OUR OWN FRONT TRENCHES?
GOD IN HEAVEN, LIEUTENANT! THERE'S NO TIME TO ARGUE! FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS AND DON'T ASK QUESTIONS! FIRE ONE AT THIS O.P.!

VERY WELL! HERE IT COMES! 3200 YARDS! ONE, FIRE!
BUM

ZZZOOOO
CRUMP!

TOO SHORT! RAISE 200!

VEEEOOOO
BRRUM!

DROP 100 AND TEN MINUTES LEFT!

EEE E OO-OO
BULAM!

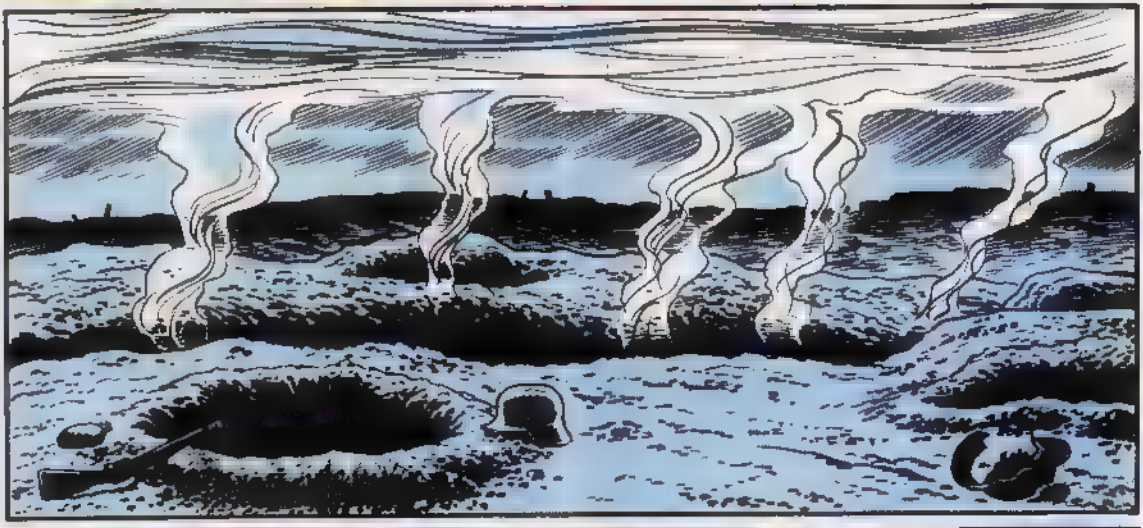
NOW GIVE HER A WHOLE BATTERY SALVO!

WHAM!

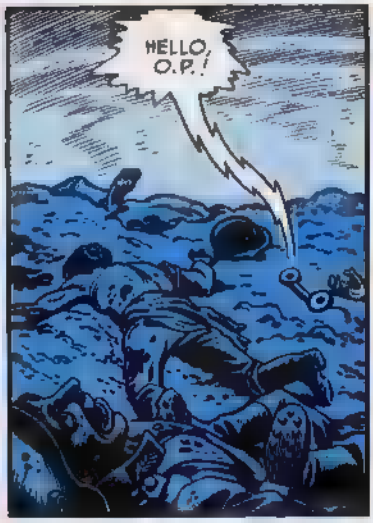
WHAM!

WHOM!

WHOMP!



HELLO...

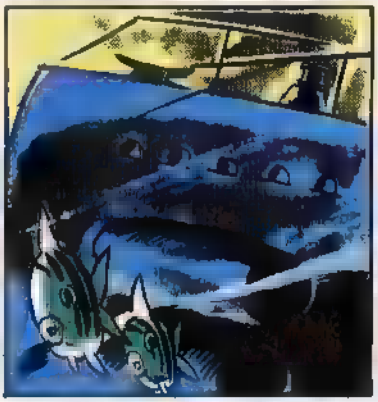

HELLO, O.P.!

HELLO, O.P.! ANSWER, O.P.! CAN YOU ANSWER? ... HELLO!
END

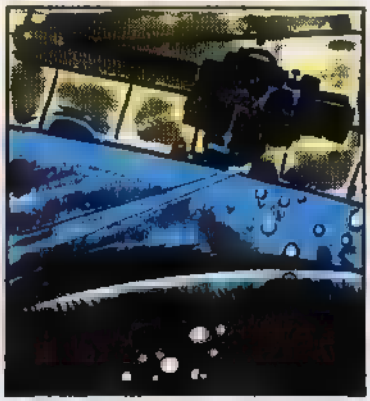
Unterseeboot 113

GO BACK TO 1942! YOU ARE NOW IN THE NORTH SEA! THE NORTH SEA, CRISSCROSSED BY INVISIBLE SEA ROUTES! CRISS-CROSSED BY LIFELINES OVER WHICH SHIPS CARRY TROOPS, GUNS, TANKS, SHELLS, WAR EQUIPMENT TO FIGHT THE NAZIS! AND NOW, GO UNDER THE SEA! GO DOWN, DOWN! FOUR HUNDRED FEET DOWN! GO TO THE BOTTOM OF THE NORTH SEA! EVEN ***THERE*** ARE SIGNS OF THE WAR! THE HULKS OF SUNKEN SHIPS! THE BONES OF SAILORS! ... NOW, LOOK OVER THERE! RESTING ON THE OCEAN FLOOR! YOU CAN BARELY MAKE IT OUT! A SHIP? A MACHINE?

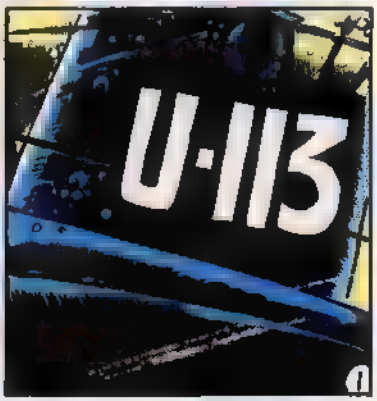
PASS YOUR EYES OVER THIS MECHANISM! SEE, IN THE SLEEK FRONT END? A SET OF CLEAN ROUND HOLES ■ THE SNOUT! ***TORPEDO TUBES!***



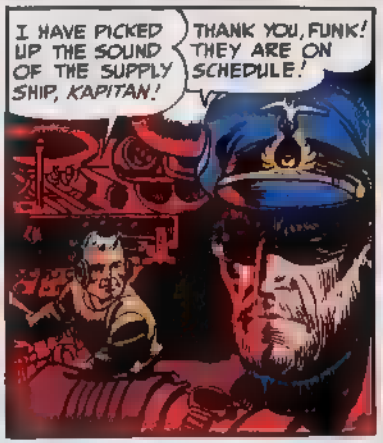
LOOK ALONG THE BARE NARROW DECK, PAST THE SINGLE CAPSTAN! SEE THE NEAT ***DECK GUN***... RUST PROOF, OILED, AND READY?

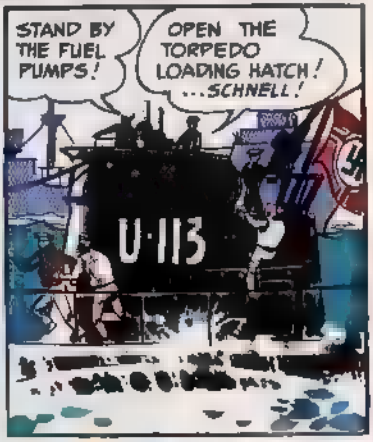


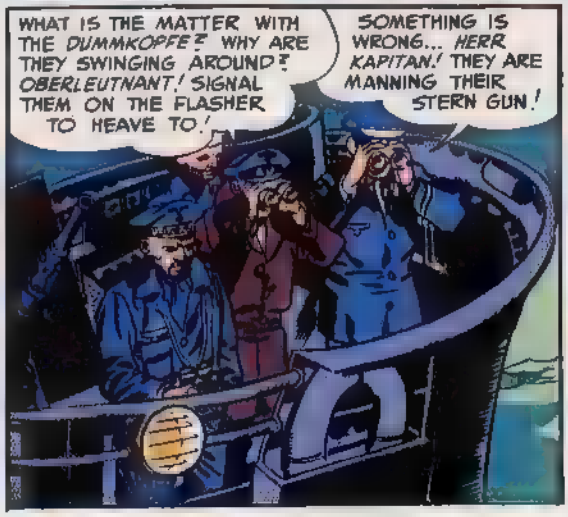
NOW... FARTHER BACK, ALONG THE CIGAR-SHAPED HULL! A STUBBY KNIFE-EDGED CONNING TOWER! ***TAKE A LOOK***, READER, AT A ***GERMAN SUBMARINE!***

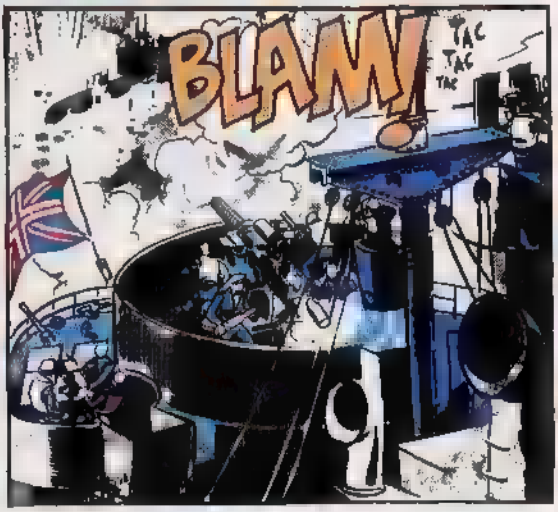


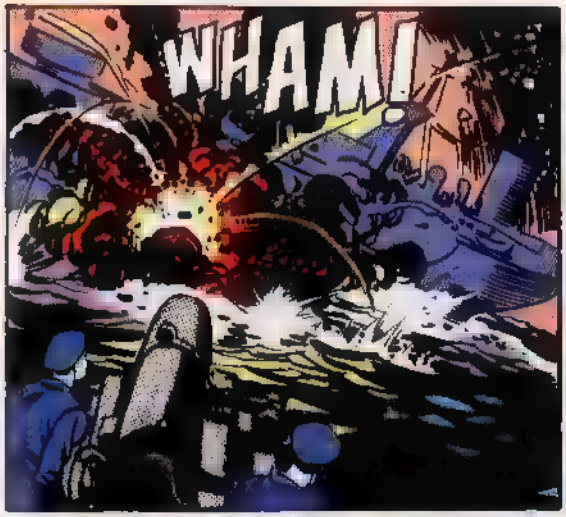
AND NOW THE SILENT U-BOAT SPRINGS TO LIFE! KAPITAN KURT KLUGE, PRUSSIAN BORN COMMANDER OF THE VESSEL, BARKS PRECISE COMMANDS! THE BOAT IS RIGGED FOR SURFACING AND TAKING ON SUPPLIES! THE WATER IS BLOWN OUT OF THE MAIN BALLAST AND BOW BUOYANCY TANKS, AND THE UNDERSEA BOAT RISES TO THE SURFACE!



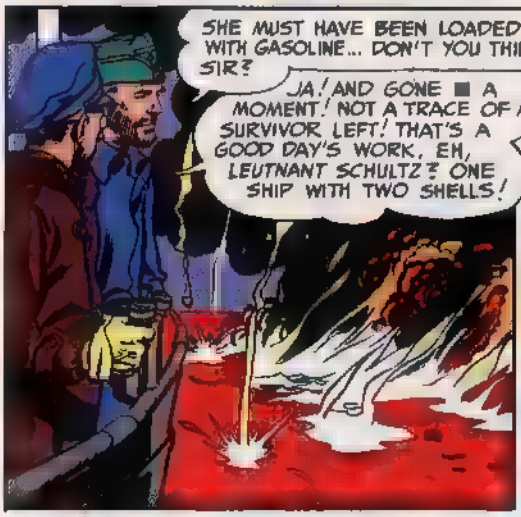






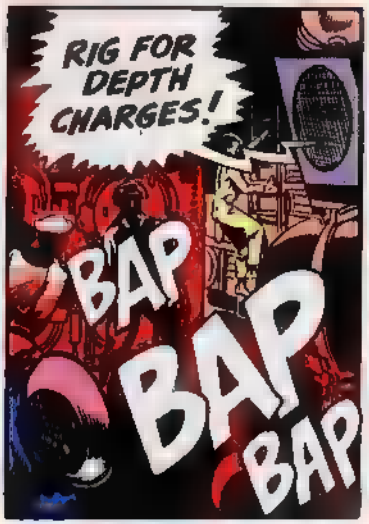

WHAM!

GOT HER ON THE SECOND SHOT!
KNORKE!
WHOOM!
DONNER-WETTER! THOSE TANKERS BURN LIKE A CANDLE!


SHE MUST HAVE BEEN LOADED WITH GASOLINE... DON'T YOU THINK, SIR?
JA! AND GONE ■ A MOMENT! NOT A TRACE OF A SURVIVOR LEFT! THAT'S A GOOD DAY'S WORK, EH, LEUTNANT SCHULTZ? ONE SHIP WITH TWO SHELLS!

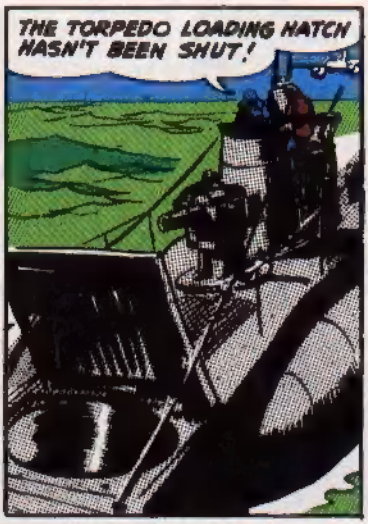
BUT WE CANNOT WATCH THE FIREWORKS DISPLAY TOO LONG! THE SMOKE COLUMN WILL SURELY ATTRACT ATTENTION, AND I'M SURE THE TANKER HAS RADIOED FOR AIR SUP...
KAPITÄN KLUGE! BRITISH PATROL BOMBER!

CRASH DIVE! CLEAR THE BRIDGE!

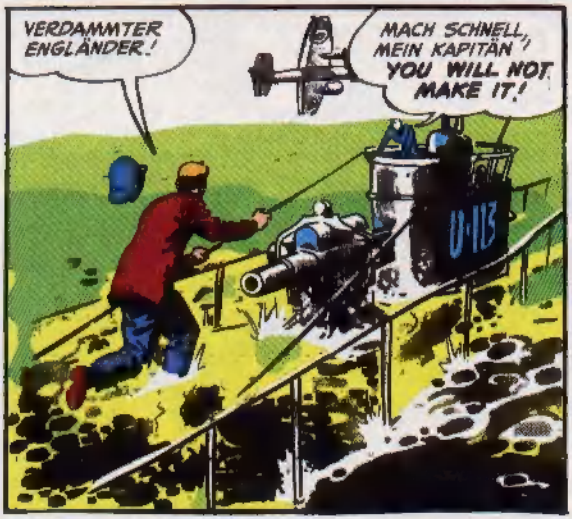

RIG FOR DEPTH CHARGES!
BAP
BAP
BAP

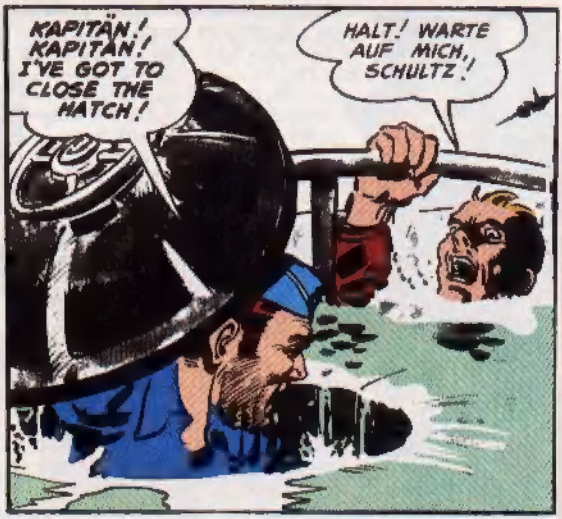
FLOOD THE TANKS!
SCHNELL! TAUCHEN! TAUCHEN!

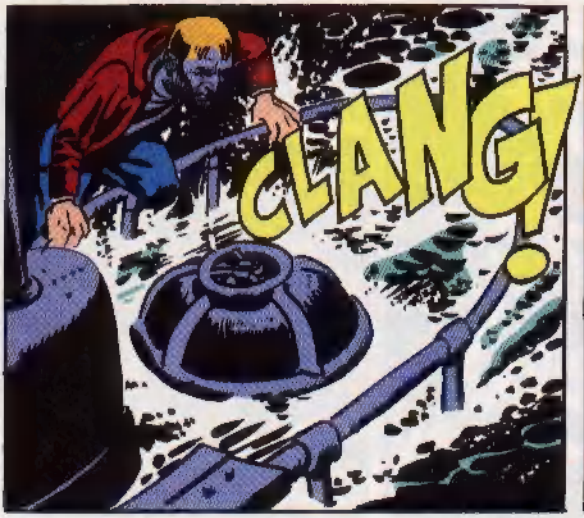
KAPITÄN KLUGE! ALL THE MEN ARE BELOW, SIR! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SIR?
EIN AUGENBLICK LEUTNANT!


THE TORPEDO LOADING HATCH HASN'T BEEN SHUT!

DA! GUT!
CLANG!
WOOM

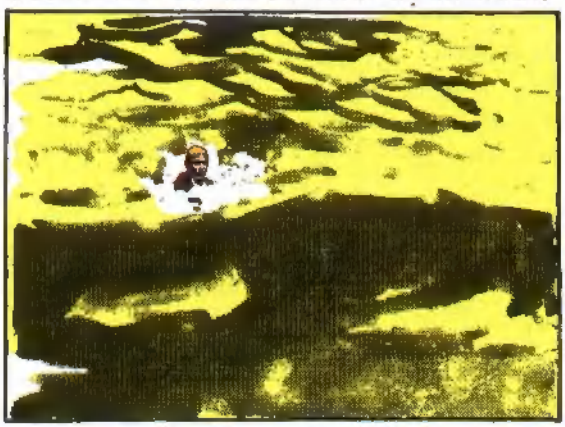

VERDAMMTER ENGLÄNDER!
MACH SCHNELL, MEIN KAPITÄN! YOU WILL NOT MAKE IT!
U-113


KAPITÄN! KAPITÄN! I'VE GOT TO CLOSE THE HATCH!
HALT! WARTE AUF MICH, SCHULTZ!


CLANG!

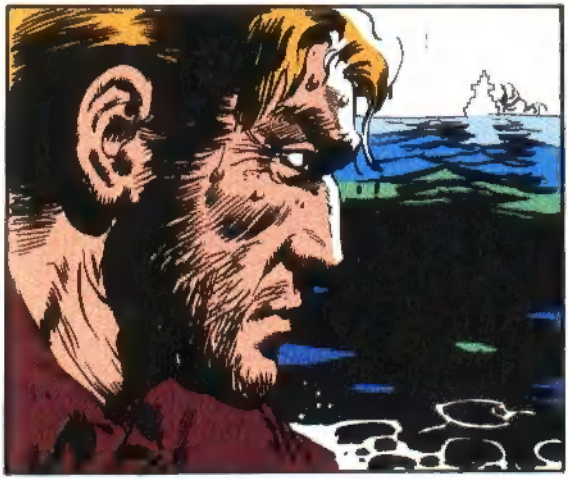
BLUM!

CAPTAIN KLUGE LEAPS FREE OF THE UNDERTOW, AND SOON HE FINDS HIMSELF PADDLING AROUND ON TOP OF THE NORTH SEA... WHILE HIS *UNTERSEEBOOT* IS SOMEWHERE ON THE BOTTOM OF THE NORTH SEA!

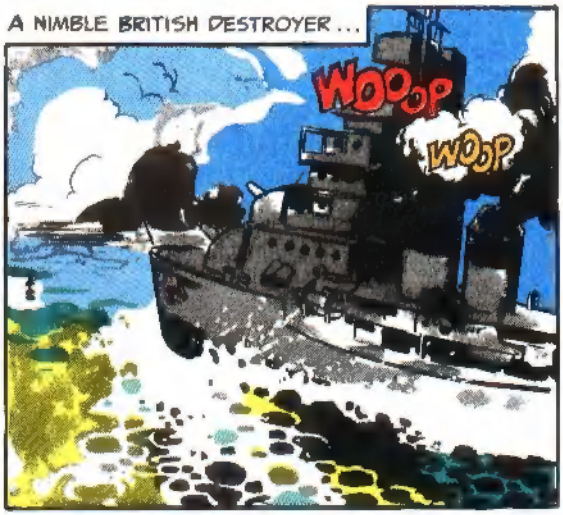


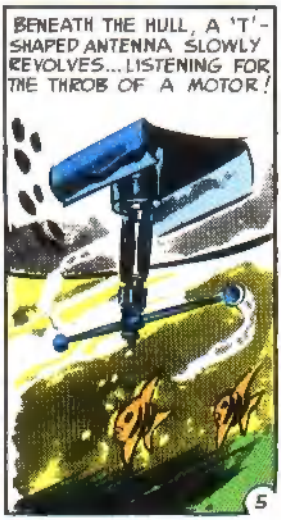
BUT CAPTAIN KLUGE'S FACE SHOWS LITTLE EMOTION, ONE WAY OR THE OTHER! CAPTAIN KLUGE IS A BLUE-BLOODED PRUSSIAN! CAPTAIN KLUGE IS A SOLDIER! CAPTAIN KLUGE HAS A DIVINE SENSE OF PRUSSIAN INVINCIBILITY! HE KNOWS A SHIP WILL COME!

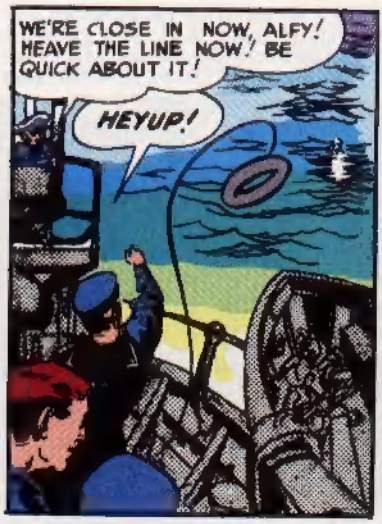
AND A SHIP DOES COME...



A NIMBLE BRITISH DESTROYER...





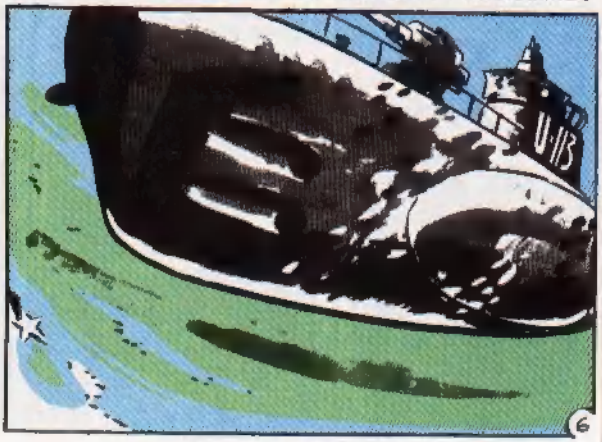


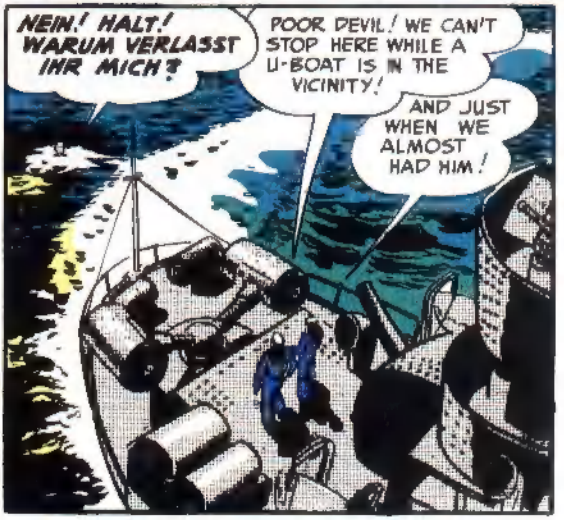
ONE MILE WEST AND PART OF A MILE STRAIGHT DOWN, A SLIM MURKY SHAPE RESTS LIGHTLY ON THE MUDDY BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN!

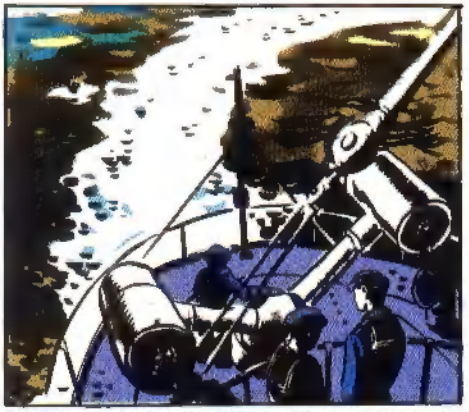
IT LAYS SO STILL THAT IT ATTRACTS NO ATTENTION FROM A PASSING SCHOOL OF HERRING! BUT AS WE WATCH, IT BEGINS TO TREMBLE...OH, SO SLIGHTLY...AND NOW IT STIRS...

IT'S SNOUT SLIDES FORWARD... RISES AWAY FROM THE FLOOR OF THE SEA, AND ITS TAIL CHURNS UP A GREAT CLOUD OF SILT AND MUD!

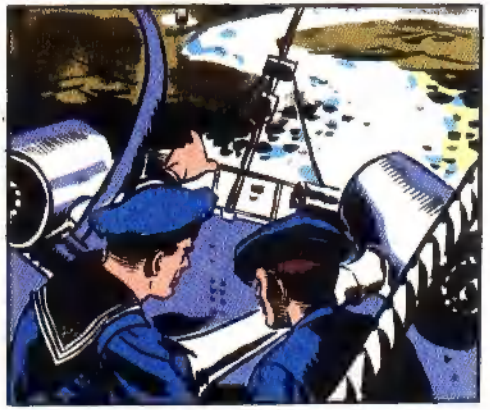
LIKE A MONSTROUS SHARK IT RISES! AND NOW WE SEE ITS FAMILIAR SILHOUETTE! AND NOW WE RECOGNIZE THE NUMBERS ON THE SIDE! CAPTAIN KLUGE'S SUBMARINE!







WE ARE LEAVING WITH THE BRITISH DESTROYER! CAPTAIN KLUGE, THE INVINCIBLE PRUSSIAN COMMANDER IS BEING LEFT FAR BEHIND! AND BECAUSE OF HIS ***OWN*** U-BOAT!



HE IS NOW LIKE A TINY CORK BOBBING ON THE SEA... ALMOST OUT OF SIGHT! LOOK CAREFULLY, DEAR READER! IT IS THE LAST LOOK ANY MORTAL WILL GET OF THE COMMANDER OF THE ***U-113***!

DID YOU ENJOY THIS BOOK? WE WOULD BE INTERESTED IN KNOWING WHAT YOU LIKED AND WHY! WON'T YOU WRITE US? WRITE TO:

THE EDITORS,
FRONTLINE COMBAT
GEMSTONE
POB 469
WEST PLAINS
MO 65775